

The Tragedie

And called it Ruge-mount, at which name I started,
Because a Bard of Ireland told me once
I should not live long after I saw Richmond.

Buc. My Lord.

King. I, whats a clocke?

Buc. I am thus bold to put your grace in minde
Of what you promise me.

King. Well, but whats a clocke?

Buc. Upon the stroke of ten.

King. Well, let it strike.

Buc. Why let it strike?

King. Because that like a lacke thou keepst the stroke
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation,
I am not in the giving vaine to day.

Buc. Why then resolve me whether you will or no?

K. Tut, tut, thou troublest me, I am not in the vaine. *Exit.*

Buc. Is it even so? rewards he my true service
With such deepe contempt, made I him king for this?

O let me thinke on Hastings, and be gone

To Brecknock, while my fearefull head is on. *Exit.*

Enter Sir Francis Tirrell.

Tir. The tyrannous and bloudie deed is done,
The most arch-act of pittieous massacre,
That euer yet this land was guiltie of,
Dighton and Forrest whom I did subborne
To do this ruthfull peece of butchery,
Although they were fleshie villains: bloudy dogs,
Melting with tenderesse and kind compassion,
Wept like two children in their deaths sad stories:
Loe thus quoth Dighton laie those tender babes,
Thus thus quoth Forrest girdling one another
Within their innocent alabafter armes,
Their lips like foure red Roses on a stalke,
Which in their somner beautie kist each other,
A booke of prayers on their pillow laie,
Which once quoth Forrest almost changd my minde,
But O the diuel! there the villaine stopt,
Whilst Dighton thus told on we smothered

of Richard the third.

The most replenished sweet worke of nature,
That from the prime creation euer he framde,
They could not speake; and so I left them both,
To bring this tydings to the bloudy king.

Enter King Richard.

And here he comes. All haile my soueraigne liege.

King. Kind Tirrell, am I happie in thy newes?

Tir. It to haue done the thing you gaue in charge
Beget your happinesse; be happie then,
For it is done my Lord.

King. But didst thou see them dead?

Tir. I did my Lord.

King. And buried gentle Tirrell?

Tir. The Chaplaine of the Tower hath buried them
But how or in what place I do not know.

King. Come to me Tirrell soone at after supper,
And thou shalt tell the procelle of their death,
Meane time but thinke how I may do thee good,
And be inheritor of thy desire. *Exit Tirrell.*
Farewell till soone.

The sonne of Clarence haue I pent vp close,
His daughter meanly haue I matcht in marriage,
The sonnes of Edward sleepe in Abrahams bosome,
And Anne my wife hath bid the world goodnight:
Now for I know the Brittain Richmond aimes
At yong Elizabeth my brothers daughter,
And by that knot looks proudly ore the crowne,
To her I goe a iolly thriving wooer. *Enter Catesby.*

Cat. My Lord.

King. Good newes or bad, that thou comest in so

Cat. Bad newes my Lord, Ely is fled to Richmond,
And Buckingham backt with the hardy Welchmen
Is in the field, and still his power encreaseth.

King. Ely with Richmond troubles me more neare
Then Buckingham and his rash leued army:
Come, I haue heard that fearfull commenting,
Is leaden seruitor to dull delay,
Delay leads impotent and snail-pac't beggery,